

Soul of Scars

by Shadode

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Soul of Scars

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****Warning:**** If you hate sex, violence and cussing(SVC), I suggest you don't read this; it has all three!!! Any names seen in the second half of the story are people I Role Play with in Yahoo chat and what goes on with them is based on what happened in RP(and some is even based on Semeir's story Conqueror of Dreamsâ€¦). Please don't use their names unless you get their permission. Thank you.

Soul of Scars

Hi. I'm Shadode-Garilion-Eritoff. Obviously, I'm a female Andalite.

I could go on and on, blah blah blah about the whole "I can't tell you where I live" crap, but I won't. The fact of the matter is, my story isn't necessarily a happy one. My life was a living hell. And right now, I will admit that I am a bitch. I have a sucky attitude.

Even my best friend Semeir would agree with that one. Yeah, that's right. Semeir-Cooraf-Armaheen. The biggest Andalite heroine there is now. Anyone that knew her would know Elfangor-Sirinial-Shamtul. As if they didn't, but still. Frankly, I'm a little jealous. Ha. Ha. Ha. I'm kidding. Her story is happy. Mine probably is too. Just not in the way hers was.

Still with me? Then listen up and I'll talk.

I was just a little kid, not much more than a baby. I was walking with my mother to get out of the rain when the King Of All Assholes, also known as Visser Three, jumped us. He came out from behind a clump of trees and knocked my mother down.

I started screaming, and tried to run the hell away. I wasn't fast enough.

Visser Three's tail wrapped around my body, and held me down. My fur was getting matted together with mud and grass. The rain pounded down harder, and Visser Three's fur was slicked down in wet clumps. So was mine and my mother's.

I guess Visser Three didn't care about his host's dignity either. He seemed to have "forgotten" to put his tail down and cover up. The stupid son of a bitch could have covered himself and held me down at the same time. Nope. He let it all hang out.

< Escape!? You think you can escape me, young Andalite filth?! HA! You will be my slave!> Visser Three laughed.

He'd knocked my mother out, and she was starting to come around when Visser Three produced a scintillating silver canister of something. It smelled sour and I realized it was acid.

< No! Don't!> I screamed.

< Let my little girl go! Please let her live!> My mother begged.

< She'll live, Andalite. She will live. As my slave!> Visser Three crowed, opening the canister.

My mother's screams of agony echoed in my head as pure acid was poured over her body, mixed in with the rain. I watched her skin boil and wither, and with a gurgling, sizzling hiss her skin was gone. And she was still alive and screaming. Never had I seen anything so disgusting in all my life.

Visser Three stood there and laughed as I cried, screamed and wriggled to get away from him and to my mother's side. I couldn't escape his tail. It was too strong and I was too little.

Mother's hands reached weakly out to me, nothing more than bone left now. She was gurgling to breathe, her screams fading to horrid moans like the walking dead. I watched her torso become a bubbling mass of muscle tissue. And still she was alive, even as her entrails dribbled out in a boiling mass onto the mud. Each time a drop of rain fell on her body, there would be a sizzling hiss.

< Shadodeâ€|don't giveâ€|.upâ€|â€|Shadodeâ€|.> She whispered among her moans of agony.

Her eyes and ears melted, and I could see her skull. Visser Three kicked mud at her, adding to her agony. With a final cry of pain, my mother went limp, thankfully, and died.

< Oh stop you're making me cry.> He said sarcastically. At the time, I didn't understand sarcasm. I was also too upset to care.

< Mother!> I sobbed, reaching my arms to her.

I broke free of Visser Three's tail and stumbled to her side. By then, my mother was little more than a bubbling mass of melting bones and tissue. The stench of the burning, melting mess was horrid, and the rain continued it's relentless beating on my back as I knelt there sobbing.

< Sooooo touching.> Visser Three snickered. He turned and urinated on the bloody mess that had been my mother.

< SHUT UP!!!! MURDERING YEERK!! BASTARD!!!!> I cried out, using a word I once heard my mother say.

I jumped to my hooves and charged at Visser Three. Stupidâ€|real stupid. I was just about half his size at the time. However, I did get a good slice out of his arm when I swung my tail. Then Visser Three swung his tail. I felt a slash taken out of the corner of my left main eye, and hot blood ran down my cheek like tears.

< My my! Aren't you a spunky little bitch!> He sneered.

Before I could react he took another swing, and all was black.

My face hurt. My hearts were scarred for life.

When I finally came totally around, I heard people moaning around me. I was chained down, my tail was in a sheath and tied flat against my back. My arms were secured to my torso in a manner much like a straight jacket, and the only thing I could really move was my fingers. I could walk, yeah, but I was also secured to the wall like a wild animal. I couldn't walk very far.

The haunting memory of my mother's death gave me nightmares. No one could comfort me, even if I screamed.

For hours on end I could be found on the floor, rocking my torso back and forth with my face turned upwards, looking out the window at the stars. I was filthy, smelly and practically living in my own feces and urine. I ripped off fur and rubbed the skin underneath it utterly raw trying to break free of my bindings. I couldn't get free, and after a time, I stopped trying to break free.

There were days when the Hork Bajir Controllers would use me for target practice. I couldn't dodge shots the way I was tied up, so often times I had dracon beam burns on my back, chest and neck. They were doing this horror to me every day. Every day I had to jump, struggle and cry out until I was so exhausted that I couldn't move my stalk eyes.

This continued for a few years. Yes, years.

The torture started to change when I began my adolescence.

It was a usual morning. Hork Bajir started shooting at me while I jumped and wriggled about.

"Heheh. Jump little Andalite!" said Lortan1147

< Go to hell yeerk!> I sneered as blood from a new burn ran down my

side.

TSEEW! A shot seared my chest. I screamed from agony and doubled forward.

"You can't jump worth shit little girl!" yelled another controller. This one was a human.

< Fuck you!> I retorted, and received a kick to the skull. I got dizzy, then I felt my main eyes roll up in my head as I passed out.

From what I know, I laid facedown on the floor in my own urine for several hours. Then someone undid my bindings from the wall and yanked my groggy body to it's feet.

"Get up you worthless piece of Andalite trash," Said a human controller as he yanked on the rope and chains.

< Go eat shit.> I mumbled. I was still pretty young then, but I'd heard enough nasty language to use it myself. And I often did.

"Big words, little girl." The controller tugged me along and I had no choice but to follow him down a long, featureless corridor. "Oh ho ho you're gonna have 'fun' tonight."

< What the hell are you talking about?!> I snapped.

"You will see, Andalite filth"

At that moment a door hissed open and I was shoved in. The human handed my 'leash' over to someone else, and I heard the rattle of the chains as the exchange took place.

"Here she is." Said the controller.

< Ahh, perfect. Good work, 4271.> Said a familiar thoughtspeak voice.

The human controller bowed. "Thank you, Visser Three." He said. What a fucking kiss-up. The controller left the room and the door slid shut.

I didn't turn to Visser Three. I refused to look at him, but I heard his hooves tapping the floor as he started to walk around, and I felt the slackening and stiffening of the chain as he came closer or moved away. I was so fucking scared, enough so that I was shaking all over as the Abomination seemed to scrutinize my scarred and battered body with his cold gaze.

< Well, you sure seem to have grown up since we last met, young Shadode.> Said Visser Three, a calm edge in his voice making me uneasy.

I didn't answer him, look at him, or even speak. Instead, I tried to pretend he wasn't there. As if I could 'pretend' him away. There was a tug on my chain. I stumbled, jarred, but still didn't acknowledge his presence.

When Visser Three came closer I squeezed my eyes shut. I didn't want

to look him in the face because I was so scared. The fucker came so close that I could feel his breath on the side of my face.

< Open your eyes, bitch.> He sneered.

I didn't comply, but I spoke for the first time. < Go fuck yourself.>

Visser Three laughed. His cold, harsh laugh grated against my battered mind with such biting force that it could scrape pavement off a sidewalk. And then, with speed almost as fast as a tailblade, his hand snapped out and slapped my face. It stung my cheek, and then I felt hot blood rush under my skin to the bruised spot. In the same moment, my head jerked to the side, my eyes opening wide with surprise.

< There. See how easy it is?> he grasped my chin with his thumb and forefinger, forcing me to look up at him. Up into the eyes of my mother's killer, the eyes of the one who killed my dreams. < You smell like urine. Serves you right.> However, Visser Three held my chains with one hand while he activated a firehose with his other hand and started spraying me with it.

The force of the water was painful and knocked me over. The chains groaned and cinched tight around my ribs, and for a moment or two, the breath was knocked out of me. I struggled, but there was no way to get free.

< Rot in hell you motherfucker!> I screamed.

Visser Three jerked the chain, hauling me to my feet. < You have a smartass mind, child.>

< You better believe it.> I replied with a sneer.

< Good. I like lively ones.>

< What the hell is that s'pposed to mean?>

< Wait and see, little bitch. Wait and see.> He laughed coldly, slowly pulling on the chain to bring me closer.

In the next moment I was face to face with him again.

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Come on Shadode. Dammit girl wake up from this nightmare! Please wake up! This can't be real! I cried to myself.

But I wasn't dreaming. This was my fucking reality.

Visser Three's breath came heavier now, his nostrils flaring and his intense, cold eyes gleaming with evil glee. There was no softness, no caring, just pure, hateful evil. Oh fuck, I just wanted to claw those eyes out with my bare hands. I was so angry and hurt it was unbelievable. And I could do nothing. Nothing!

With little gentleness, his hands started creeping over my body. Grasping, poking, rubbing and prodding. I wriggled as much as I could, but Visser Three jerked the chain and jarred me so much that I

was in a daze for several minutes. That gave him enough time to work his way to my hindquarters.

I felt him insert his fingers into me. I tried to pull away but the son of a bitch jerked the chain again, and I had no choice. There was nothing I could do but stand there and endure this humiliation. And he wasn't too gentle about moving around either.

I saw him make a sick sort of smile with his stalk eyes, and I began to wonder what Alloran himself was thinking behind that battered, stolen mind of his.

< Yes, yours is very nice. It would be a pity to see it go to waste.>

< Blow it out your ass!> I sobbed. < Just fuck off!>

Visser Three used two fingers to pull the lips apart, and he did it so fast and forcefully that I let out a cry of pain as the agony shot up my back. His fingers went in again, probing and pushing. I could do nothing but cry, sob and beg for him to stop. Of course he didn't.

< Just stop! Go fuck yourself you son of a bitch!> I screamed in rage, trying once again to pull away from him.

< There will be plenty of fucking right here.> He said coldly, yanking my chain to bring me closer to him again.

When I was close enough, Visser Three wrapped the chain around my torso once, jerked it to bring me yet another step closer. I felt the chain go limp as he let go and grabbed my shoulders, reared up and mounted me.

No! NO! NOOOO!!! This couldn't be happening! I was being raped!

< Very nice.> The bastard almost cooed into my mind as he forcefully and painfully thrust himself into me.

I shook my head from side to side and screamed in a mixture of pain and rage. I yelled out every disgusting name and swear word I could think of at him as he kept moving against me, harder and harder, faster and faster. Suddenly he grabbed my eyestalks and yanked my head back. That made me scream again.

< You like that don't you?> He panted. < Learnâ€|mmh!â€|.to like it my little whore.>

< EAT SHIT!!!! EAT SHIT AND DIE!!!!> I screamed.

Visser Three shoved me down onto the ground, almost taking himself with me, but he suddenly pulled out. Then he wrapped his tail around his throbbing organ and moved it up and down a couple of times. Then he turned and ejaculated in my face. The bastard still had a grip on the chain. I couldn't turn away, and his disgusting semen ran down my face as he let out a long moan.

I swear, if I'd been able to move my tailâ€|.I'd have cut his organ off right there.

Visser Three placed his hand under my chin and jerked my head up to look at his face. His main eyes narrowed. < You make a nice concubine. I think I'll use you more often.>

I tried to turn my head, but he held me fast, so I couldn't move. And I was too battered and humiliated to come up with some asinine remark to say.

The Abomination gripped my chain tightly as he moved off into the shadows and reclined there, probably watching me and snickering at me as I sat up and slowly rocked my torso. In my mind I was a little girl again, safe in my mother's arms as she rocked me to sleep.

I wasn't really aware of rocking, but after a moment, the Visser tugged my chain and said, < Stop that. You look pathetic.>

< Shut the hell up.> I whispered.

He just snickered. Snickered at my weakness.

After about twenty minutes, Visser Three was breathing evenly. Thinking he was asleep, I tried to get up silently and crept towards the door. Within seconds, the chain was jerked so forcefully that I got a whiplash in my neck. With a cry of pain I collapsed.

< Going somewhere?>

< Up yoursâ€¦> I moaned.

< No, up yours.> Visser Three said in a harsh whisper. He raised a hand and slapped me across the face.

I watched him walk to the other end of the room. The chain was soon pulled taut, and I had to follow. Visser Three produced something that looked like a long black pencil. However, he pushed a button and it buzzed with an electrical charge.

And when I saw where he planned on putting it, I started screaming and wiggling to get away.

< YOU SICK FUCKING BASTARD!!!! YOU MOTHER FUCKING SICK BASTARD!!!!!!> I screamed.

< You don't know the half of it!> Visser Three laughed.

He shoved the electric "pencil" into me. It burned like hell itself. The searing pain spread through my whole body, and I screamed and screamed, even after he'd stopped. I fell to my knees in agony, crying and trembling, knowing for sure that I was scarred back there for life. I seriously wished I could die.

I was taken back to my little cage where Visser Three kept me, but strangely, the bindings on my arms were removed. I guess Visser Three figured that I couldn't do any harm and wanted a challenge.

Let me tell you something: When your arms have been bound for years, it hurts like a motherfucker to straighten them out again. Ouch, the popping and snapping was horrendous. But I could move my arms. That's all I cared about.

I noticed there was a little male Hork Bajir in the same cage as me. He was very young.

"I Greegil" He said.

< Shadode-Garilion-Eritoff,> I said back.

Greegil blinked. "Long name."

< I guess.> I replied, wincing at my very sore hindquarters.

"I die soon." Said the little Hork Bajir, his small red eyes filling with sorrow. "I glad I die. No more pain. But rest fight still."

That's when I noticed the wound on his side. He'd been hit with a dracon beam and was slowly bleeding to death internally.

< Yeah. We gotta keep hoping.> I said sadly. Hope seemed so far away now.

Greegil laid down slowly. I knelt next to him and touched his hand.

"I tired."

< So go to sleep. When you wake up, you'll be in a better place.> I said sadly.

"Any place better." Greegil whispered, closing his eyes.

I nodded. < Sleep tight, Greegil>

"I sleep" he said softly as his hand slipped out of mind. He rasped a few times, then quietly became still and died without pain.

< Enjoy your freedom> I lowered my eyestalks in sorrow. Greegil got off easily. If I wanted to be free, I'd have to fight my way out.

Somewhere during the night, amidst the slow rocking of my torso, I fell asleep. And I had this incredible, vivid dream

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The moon shone high in the sky on a strange planet. There was only one moon. I stood alone in a meadow, looking towards a small hill. A figure appeared on that hill and looked at me. He wore a cloak and a hood, so I couldn't see his face.

Slowly, I approached the figure, and he turned towards me. "The fight is in you. Don't let it die."

< What fight? What do you mean?> I asked.

"Someday you will see." The figure lifted his head slightly, and I saw a bit of his human-like chin and mouth. He had green skin.

There was a flash.

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I awoke with a start. < What the fuck?!>

When I got my bearings I realized I was still in my cage. Greegil's body lay limp in the corner still, unattended.

< Greegilâ€|.bless your fucking heartâ€|> I said.

There was a lot of controllers shouting and panicking. I couldn't figure out what was going on or why, because the shouting, swearing and screaming was all a jumble to my ears. I gripped the bars of my cage with a pair of hands I didn't even recognize as mine because they were so scarred up.

< Hurry up and get that fleet up there. It's Beast Elfangor! Damn him!> Visser Three snapped at a group of Taxxon Controllers.

The disgusting, reeking Taxxons slithered off down a corridor. Had I heard right? Was Visser Three talking about the legendary Elfangor-Sirinial-Shamtul? Yes.

I snickered at him.

Suddenly the Abomination's head snapped in my direction while his stalk eyes watched a monitor. < What the hell are you looking at?!>

< Something ugly as hell.> I muttered. < I hope that Elfangor's fleet kicks your ass you piece of yeerk shit!> As much as he scared me, I did enjoy making him more angry or uncomfortable in any situation. In my opinion he was less "efficient" when he was totally pissed off.

He just laughed at me. When all the launches had taken place, Visser Three walked over to my cage. He turned a low-setting dracon beam at me and fired, leaving me totally stunned and paralyzed. Then he dragged me out of my cage and into his private quarters.

You know what happened there. Only this time, since my hands were free, I managed to get in a good uppercut to his chin before he subdued me again.

< Strong arms, little whore.> Visser Three gloated as he held my hands firmly behind my back while he thrust himself into me.

I stopped squirming and just went limp, letting him do his thing, knowing that it'd be over much faster if I 'cooperated'. I had a climax this time, but I held my moans, disgusted at my own body for betraying me this way. I was sickened inside. It was also still painful because of the burns I'd received. As if Visser Three cared anyway.

He left me in the room alone as I sobbed on the floor, curled up from exhaustion and fear.

Then the door hissed open, and I heard someone being shoved in. Whoever it was, it was an Andalite, and it wasn't Visser Three. I lifted my exhausted head to see a bloody male Andalite lying there.

He wasn't much older than I was.

What was Visser Three planning to do with this one? A few disgusting thoughts and images came into my head, but I quickly brushed them aside and made my way over to the injured Andalite.

Nudging him, I said, < Hey. You alive?>

< Unghâ€|> he moaned, most certainly alive.

< Dude! What the fuck happened?!>

< Mmhâ€|capturedâ€|fighter crashedâ€|> he passed out again.

He came around about an hour later. I'd done my best to tend to his wounds, but there wasn't much to use.

< So what's your name anyway?> I asked him.

< Khaavren-Styxifi-Lacrosse.> He answered.

< Cool name. I'm Shadode-Garilion-Eritoff.> I responded, wincing when pain shot up my hindquarters.

Khaavren must have noticed my scars, because his dark green eyes went wide. < Holy Yaolin! What have they DONE to you?!>

< I'd rather not talk about it.> I muttered, averting my gaze from him.

I didn't want him to see the horrors that were my daily life now. The raping, the torture, the bloodshedâ€|no one should have to see that like I did.

< C'mon. Let's get back to back and untie our tails.> Khaavren suggested, wriggling aside to reveal his tail was tied like mine was.

< OK.> I got my back to his and gripped the ropes.

< So how long have you been trapped here?> Asked Khaavren.

I winced, not really wanting to talk about it. < A long timeâ€|>

< What? A month? A year?>

< Seven yearsâ€|.> I sighed and closed my eyes. < Seven fucking years.>

< SEVEN YEARS?!?!> His eyestalks stood erect. < How the heck did you survive?>

< Do you really wanna know?>

< Yes. I do, Shadode. Tell me.> he pulled the ropes off my tail and I now had full freedom. With a tug, I pulled the ropes free of his tail and he too had freedom of movement.

< As a slave and a concubine.> I turned away from him, and sobbed out the whole story up until then.

Khaavren's expression grew horrified, and he lowered his eyes and looked at the floor, his seemingly sculpted and perfectly curved chest heaving up and falling again as he let out a loud sigh that made his nostrils flare. He shook his head sadly, and I was astonished when he started to cry.

< My familyâ€¦..he killed them all. My wife had just given birthâ€¦.oh yaolin the child was just two minutes old when he was torn apart by Taxxons! And my wifeâ€¦they ate her alive! Oh, Ziona! Oh, little Tarvin!> He sobbed.

I went over and hugged him gently, trying to comfort him as he cried into my shoulder. It seemed that Khaavren and I had something in common.

That night, as Visser Three pounded himself into me, my anger built. He'd found my tail untied, stunned me and tied me up again. Damn. And Khaavren had been knocked out and taken to another cell. I found him facedown in the corner of my cell when Visser Three deposited me there after the 'nightly ritual'.

< Khaavren?> I limped to him and shook him. His eyestalks lifted and turned to me.

< Shadodeâ€¦did heâ€¦youâ€¦?> Khaavren moaned.

With a sigh and a nod, I said, < Yeah. He does every night.>

< Can't you fight back?>

< I fucking wish! It's kinda hard to hit someone that's fucking your ass while holding your arms against the wall!> I snapped as blood ran down between my legs. Visser Three had decided to be cute with his tailblade that night, and oh fuck did it hurt.

About two years passed, and as I suspected would happen, I had become pregnant from the repeated rapes. Visser Three didn't care. Every night he raped, tortured and humiliated me. Sometimes he'd let a Hork Bajir do it to me, and they weren't too nice about it.

Khaavren and I fell in love. At night he would hold me close when I awoke from those nightmares.

One night, we came up with a plan.

< OK, I could go into labor real quick and real soon. I DO NOT want my child to live in a hellhole like this.> I whispered to Khaavren as he held me after one of my nightmares.

The sleeping Hork Bajir in the cage across from me stirred in her sleep.

Khaavren reached through the bars and acquired that Hork Bajir. < I have a plan.>

< What is it then?>

< No matter what, let me know when you start having pains. I'll morph the Hork Bajir and catch the baby when it comes out. It'll be covered

in blood and so will I. If I carry it outside and hide it enough in my arms, they'll think it's another body to go on the heap out there.>

< And just what the hell will you do when you get out there?> I almost snapped.

< I'll leave it with someone's family. Hopefully, HOPEFULLY, they'll take it in.> Khaavren scratched his head in thought.

< I hope this worksâ€|> I said quietly before falling asleep again to the calm feeling of Khaavren's palm stroking my cheek.

The very next morning, I awoke to intense pain in my back.

< Khaavren! UGH! This is it!> I moaned. And then the instincts and power of labor took over my body.

I pushed, sweat, moaned and pushed some more.

About halfway through the labor, Khaavren slowly morphed the Hork Bajir and got ready. The pain was so intense. My mind wandered.

I had chosen a name for my child, it would work for a girl or a boy, and Khaavren had made a little note with the child's name on it so that he would know his true name as he grew up.

< Push! Shadode push harder!> Khaavren coached me.

< AAAUUUUUGH!!!!> I screamed in pain as I pushed, feeling something slip free from me.

Khaavren held a baby boy in his Hork Bajir arms. My son. Leehan-Garilion-Figtul.

With swift grace, Khaavren slipped through the bars, bypassing the lock and ran outside. I waited all day, lying weakly and tiredly on my side. The birth had been exceedingly painful due to my scarring in that area, and I was sore.

Thank Heavens that Visser Three was out on a night watch elsewhere. I would heal much better without his dick being pounded into my ass. I had that weird dream again when I fell asleep. Yeah, the one about the hooded man with green skin.

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I was standing in a field. He was sitting down, almost as if he expected me there.

"Get ready for pain,"

< What pain?> I asked.

"Don't ask questions. Just get ready." The person said.

— — —

I was awakened by the slamming of my cage door. A badly wounded Khaavren lay in a heap in the corner. He'd been shot through the

stomach area of his upper body. The hole was burnt, but still, the wound was awful.

< Khaavren?> I touched his arm.

Khaavren lifted his head. His stalk eyes drooped and his main eyes screamed in silent agony to me. < Shadodeâ€|my loveâ€|> he whispered.

< No shh, don't talk.> I moved over and held him. < Khaavren morph. You gotta morph dammit!>

< Too weakâ€|> he moaned, sweat pouring out all over his body.

< Is Leehan OK?>

< Leehanâ€|.safeâ€|. >

< Khaavrenâ€|.thanks. I love you a lot.> I brushed my palm over his cheek and hugged him.

< I love you tooâ€|> Khaavren gasped in pain.

I dipped my hands in the water trough and dribbled the water onto the wound to help with some of the pain. Khaavren twitched and grabbed my arm, his eyes squeezing shut with pain. He was dying. I knew it, but I didn't want to believe it. The only person I ever loved was dying in front of me.

That hooded green man in my dreams knew something. I didn't know who he was or what he wanted.

Twelve hours later, I held a panting, sweating and moaning Khaavren in my arms. His wound had crusted over with dried blood, and with each labored breath, a little blood would drip from his nostrils and down his face. Dark streaks on his cheeks and chin marked the paths of previous drops. He was pale, trembling and in shock.

< Soâ€|so coldâ€|> Khaavren wheezed.

I grabbed a moldy, smelly blanket. It was nasty, but better than nothing. < Khaavrenâ€|are you afraid?>

< Noâ€|I'm not.> he panted.

I brushed my palm against his cheek and touched my forehead to his. He stiffened and moaned in pain, squeezing my hand as another drop of blood oozed from his nose to the ground.

< Whenâ€|..when I was a kidâ€|I used to dream of dying in a fight, a warrior's deathâ€|> Khaavren grimaced. < So much for that dream. So much for any dreamsâ€|>

< Don't say that, Khaavren. Never fucking say that. We can always dream. Nobody, I fucking mean nobody can take away our dreams. Got that?> I said almost desperately, sobs threatening to surface.

< Yes ma'am.> he smiled faintly at me, reaching up to brush his palm over my cheek.

We sat there in the darkness for hours, and at some point I think I fell asleep. A loud gasp from Khaavren woke me. Shit!

Khaavren's breathing was very loud and labored, like each breath were searing his lungs. His eyes were wide in pain.

< Khaavren? Love?> I cradled his head and upper body in my arms. The wound on his stomach was oozing pus and reeked of bacteria and infection. He had a fever.

< Shadodeâ€|the lightsâ€|can't you see them?> Khaavren whispered to me. He was staring out the window, the moonlight illuminating his pale, sweaty face.

I looked out the window at the stars that were twinkling at me. Each one a little glimmer of hope. But they weren't the lights Khaavren was seeing. However, I didn't tell _him_ that. < Yeah, I see the lights Khaavren. They're gorgeous.>

Khaavren's breathing got raspier as he started to choke on his own blood. < Theyâ€|they're the second most beautiful thing I ever sawâ€|know what the MOST beautiful thing I ever saw was?>

< What, love?> I responded, stroking his forehead with my palm as I held him close.

Khaavren looked up at me with his dark green eyes and whispered, < Youâ€|Shadodeâ€|you areâ€|.so beautifulâ€|.to meâ€|> He stroked his palm over my cheek with a slick, clammy hand. I caught his hand and pressed my face against it briefly, then looked back at his face.

His eyes opened wide in pain and he moaned, gasping and wheezing for breath. He was trying to speak.

< No, shhh, don't talk now. I know. I love you too Khaavren.> I sobbed as I looked at his pale face.

Khaavren breathed softer and slower, the heaving of his chest growing weaker and weaker. I held him in my arms as he grimaced again and again with each breath. This continued for two hours. I didn't say anything. Our goodbyes had been said, and now all we needed now was to be with each other.

The sun came up, it's rays shining into the window on us. I could see the sweat glistening on Khaavren's body. He looked ashen gray instead of blue from the blood loss, and he was barely breathing now.

Finally, as a white dove landed in the window, Khaavren squeezed my hand to get my attention. I looked down at him and he looked up at me, his eyes not really seeing anymore, just staring past me. And with a faint moan and a long gurgling breath, Khaavren slowly closed his stalk eyes, went limp and died in my arms. It was like a candle had burnt out. The living light that shined around Khaavren was extinguished, his pain-filled face became an image of eternal peace and rest.

His glistening main eyes stared up at me sightlessly with the pupils fully dilated. I reached down and stroked my palm down his face,

gently closing the lids of his main eyes. Khaavren looked like he was asleep.

< Goodbye Khaavrenâ€|I love you.> I whispered, leaning down and holding him close, protecting him from the deathly chill of the morning. I started to cry as I held him, wondering when I would die and be free of this hell.

With a soft coo, that white dove in the windowsill flew away. A single white feather flutterd down and landed on Khaavren's cheek.

I held Khaavren for hours, even though his body was ice cold and stiff. His skin was ashen white under his fur, and his nose had turned to a pale, glistening lavender. But that did not mar the peaceful look on his face.

I heard the sound of hooves approaching, and I knew who was coming. Raising my eyes, I glared up at Visser Three.

< I see your little boyfriend has died. Too bad.> Visser Three laughed harshly at me. But for a moment or two, horror flashed in his eyes as the real Alloran-Semitur-Corrass probably had cried out in his mind.

< Fuck you! You rotten piece of yeerk shit! I hope the Andalites wipe their ass with your face!> I screamed, enraged.

Visser Three's tailblade snapped through the bars and tore open a slash in Khaavren's torso, opening him up. I gasped in horror as his innards spilled out into my arms, and quickly tried to shove them back in so I could lay him down. I shrieked in horror. < YOU ARE FUCKING SICK!!!!!!>

< Don't you just love it?> He sneered, opening the cage and grabbing my arm. < Come on. Let's get our fucking over with.>

I was too hurt and upset to fight back, and just laid there while he did his thing. Once again, I survived the humiliation of being raped and tortured.

Another few years went by. I'd worked slave labor, been raped and tortured almost non stop. But I got exercise doing the slave labor, and pretty soon I'd built up quite a lot of muscle. Every day, I was able to work my tail a little bit more loose than it had been the day before.

< Come on you slow ass slave!> Visser Three fired a few dracon shots at my hooves as I tried to carry a heavy Kandrona generator up some stairs. I sneered at him as I approached where he was.

I had had enough of this fucking shit! I strained every muscle in my body to move my tail, and when I did, I moved it with such force that it not only broke the bindings, but it also slashed the Visser asshole across the face and chest. He screamed. While he was screaming I threw the Kandrona Generator at his head.

Visser Three looked dazed, then passed out and fell down the stairs.

< AHA HA!!! FUCK YOU!!!!> I said, and took off running while I had

the chance.

< SEIZE HER!!!!!!!> King Asshole yelled for his guards as he came to..

Time to haul ass!

I dodged dracon beam shots and lept over Taxxon bodies as I made my way out. I ran and ran until I was sure it was safe enough to stop for a minute or two. I heard the Taxxons and Hork Bajir running, so I dropped and rolled in the mud as much as I could, then pressed myself down to the ground hard.

And held my breath.

Over fifty different controllers ran past me. I finally got my bearings and figured out where I was. HOLY SHIT!!! This was the Andalite Homeworld! I hadn't been outside in over ten years, so I didn't remember where I'd been held.

I laid there in the mud until the footsteps were lost in the distance, and then I slid down the hill and into a lake to wash off. After getting clean, I staggered out of the water and around a tree when someone almost ran me down.

< Hey what the fuck?!> I shrieked and jumped back.

A young female ran past me, followed by a group of older kids, probably bullies. I watched them knock her down and taunt her until someone chased their asses away.

One of the bullies chasing the female seemed strangely familiar. When the sunlight hit his face, I realized who it was. Leehan, my son Leehan! He was alive. I wanted so much to run over and hold him, but I was afraid that prying Yeerk eyes might see that and connect me to him. I didn't want that.

< Go on! Get outta here! Pick on someone your own size why don't you!?!> Said the person as he took mock swings with his tail to shoo the others away.

Oh fuck. I knew who that was! It was Elfangor-Sirinial-Shamtul. There's no mistaking a legend when you see one. He was pretty good looking too.

I watched Elfangor kneel down in front of the little girl. I didn't hear the conversation, but I watched him bandage her hand and smile at her. Seeing they were busy, I let them be and wandered on my own way.

Like a homeless bum, I wandered around the area for several days. Stole bits of grass off other people's property. Ditched controllers. Part of me wondered who that female had been and why those bullies, and Leehan, were after her. She was so small, probably not more than four feet tall. She was tiny to me. But her tailblade was as big as Elfangor's. THAT in itself was a rarity.

But then again, I was pretty large for a female, standing about six feet and two inches tall. My tailblade was nothing special, but I was full of muscle. Not delicate like most.

About four years went by since I'd gotten away from the yeerks. I had to escape the homeworld, or risk being caught again. So I did something pretty stupid for the hell of it. I stole a bug fighter. Man those yeerks were pissed off.

As I took off, they started firing their ground lasers at me. Let me tell you something, a Taxxon is a damn good shot, and right as I left the atmosphere, I took a hit. It wasn't bad at first, until I entered Z space. For some reason the burn in the hull seemed to get worse.

< Oh fuck!> I moaned as the alarms blared that I was crashing. The ship dropped me out of Z space over a blue planet.

Down I went. The hull burned on re-entry. I screamed. The hull groaned from the pressure. I screamed some more as the heat caused sweat to trickle down my face and neck. And then, with a loud crash, everything went black. Oh. Shit.

Shit.

< Hey! Are you alright?> A female thoughtspeak voice asked me. I felt something cold against my forehead.

With a groan, I turned my head and opened my eyes. A small female Andalite stood there. She couldn't be older than fifteen Earth years of age, and her fur was a lighter shade of purple than most. Her main eyes were huge, almost too big for her face, and they were bright gold with a fierceness that I couldn't quite place at first. Then it dawned on me.

I was looking at a warrior.

< Unhâ€¦where the fuck am I?> I moaned.

She was a bit taken aback by my language, but brushed it aside. < This is Earth. I'm Semeir-Cooraf-Armaheen, Andalite war-princess.>

< Shadode-Garilion-Eritoffâ€¦..owâ€¦.shit my body hurts like hell!> I griped.

< It's OK. You're going to live. Nice to meet you, Shadode.> Semeir said, faintly smiling with her delicate little stalk eyes.

< Yeah swell meeting you too Semeir.> I mumbled as I sat up. A cold cloth fell off of my forehead. And I swear that my back popped at least fifty times. < Ahhh! Oohhh! MUCH better!> I sighed. Then I noticed that my ship was totally fucked up. < Aw SHIT!>

< What's the matter?> Semeir asked, frowning.

< My fucking ship is fucked up. Son of a bitch!> I cursed, getting up and cantering to the messed up Bug Fighter. I kicked it with my hooves a few times, cussing at the top of my mind.

Semeir stood back and stayed out of my way, but said, < When I first saw that ship, I thought you were a yeerk. I almost killed you.>

That pissed me off. I stormed over to her, put my tailblade to her

throat and sneered, towering over her. My six feet, two inches against her five feet five inches of height. She was tiny. < Don't ever, EVER, call me a yeerk!>

Instead of fear, I saw defiance flash in her eyes, and she glared up at me with eyes like golden daggers. < Fine. Now that I know you're not infested I don't have to worry.> In an almost smartass display, she stepped back, moved my tail aside with her tail and walked towards my totally fucked ship.

I almost laughed. One problem. I never laugh. Hell, I don't think I even smile anymore. Semeir looked the ship over, trying to salvage anything useful from it. And that's when I noticed her tailblade.

Holy hell! Semeir was the little girl that Elfangor had saved from those bullies. I also remembered seeing her at some sort of public gathering. She did a speech of some sort, but I only heard the tail end of it. No way! This little thing was the new heroine of the Andalite Homeworld?

Semeir dug through the wreckage and pulled out some circuit boards and control panels. She seemed to know her stuff, and hacked away at things with her tailblade when she needed to.

About an hour later, Semeir was putting all the useful computer stuff in one pile, and the crap in another pile.

< Need help?> I asked.

< Sure. Just take the items that can't be used and deposit them into the pile. I'll melt it down later and use the extra metal to patch up the ships when necessary.> Semeir pointed with a delicate finger to the pile sitting by the ship.

< Whatever.> I muttered and hefted the metal up into my arms and tossed it into the pile by the ship.

There was a heavy thump behind me and I heard a voice say, "Who's the new girl, Sem?"

I turned around to find a guy that looked like a frigging body builder with a monkey's tail. He had dark hair that stood up in spikes all over his head, a scar on his cheek and pale blue eyes. I also noticed that he was wearing some sort of Karate gi.

< Greetings Magus. That's Shadode-Garilion-Eritoff.> Semeir stated calmly and the one called Magus turned around and greeted me.

"Magus Krail." He said.

< Hi Magus.> I said, dusting myself off a bit. < What's up?>

"Not much. Damn you look like hell. What happened?"

I pointed at the ship. < That shit happened.>

"No I meanâ€¦nevermind."

< What? My scars? Yeah, I've been through hell.> I

sneered.

"Probably can't be worse than mine. Ever blown up a planet or two?" Magus kinda sneered back, but he seemed on the verge of laughter.

< No. Try being tortured and raped day and night.>

He just shook his head and turned to Semeir. I felt something small bump against my leg and looked down.

A tiny Elfangor look-alike with eyes like Semeir in size and color was gazing up at me. I didn't know what to think, but I knew right away this child belonged to Semeir and Elfangor. The baby patted my leg and cooed up at me in a friendly manner.

"Hey Krisallin! Over here!" Magus knelt down as the child named Krisallin toddled to him.

I looked over at Semeir. < That really yours?>

Semeir smiled, her eyes getting dreamy. < Yes, he isâ€¦Elfangor would have loved him.>

I smiled with one stalk eye at Krisallin. < He looks just like Elfangor.> I mused, feeling a twinge of jealousy. I never got to see Leehan except for a moment after he was born, and for a moment that day he was chasing Semeir.

Magus picked Krisallin up and tossed him high up into the air.

< AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!> Krisallin shrieked with the thrill as Magus caught him again. He grinned at Krisallin when he caught him.

Krisallin reached up and grabbed a handful of Magus's spikey hair and pulled. Magus's eyes went huge.

"YEOW! Watch the hair kid!"

Semair laughed as another Andalite approached. She turned to him and said, < Greetings Arbron.>

< Hey Semeir. Hey Magus, Krisallin-> the one named Arbronn stopped and looked at me. < Hello |person I don't know.>

< The name's Shadode-Garilion-Eritoff.> I muttered.

< Hello then, Shadode.> said Arbron. < I'm Arbron-Comtul-Figtul.>

I found it rather odd that Arbron and Leehan shared the same last name. But it had been my mother's last name. Krisallin toddled into the tent that I assumed was Semeir's scoop and curled up on a mattress. He went to sleep.

< Hey Magus. Let's go get that tower you saw earlier. You knowâ€”the yeerk one?> Arbron commented.

Magus popped his neck and his shoulders, then his elbows and knuckles. Sheesh was this guy a popping factory? "Yeah. Lets go kick some ass."

< Fine. Showtime!> Arbron slowly morphed into a falcon and took off towards an unseen destination. Magus also took off and followed him.

< Watch your asses!> I yelled after them.

"NO WORRIES!" Magus called before his voice was out of range. I walked out into the meadow to graze, since I was hungry anyway.

This meadow seemed familiar, yet I'd never been here before. With a thoughtful sigh, I trotted along and ate my fill. The grass was pretty good. I heard voices, so my ears perked and I listened in. Someone with a semi deep voice was talking to Semeir. From the sound of it, he was an asshole. Just like me.

< Geez do you ever laugh?> Semeir was saying.

"Only when I feel like it." Said the other person.

I trotted over the hill again to see who Semeir was talking to. I stopped short. The person Semeir was talking to had green skin. He was wearing a baggy purple gi of some sort with a red sash around his waist, and on his shoulders he wore a white mantle that had a long cape fluttering behind it. On his head was something like a turban. I could see pink patches of what appeared to be skin or maybe even muscle on his arms and shoulders, and most likely he had them on his other major muscles too.

< Now who and what the fuck-> I stopped talking when the green man turned to me. The shadows fell over his face so that just his chin and mouth were visible. That's when I remembered where I saw him. The man in the dreams I was having.

"The name's Aesh. I'm a Namek. Now who the hell are you?" he said coldly.

< Shadode-Garilion-Eritoff. Hi. Nice to fucking meet you.> I glared at him. Aesh glared back.

I trotted over and got practically nose to nose. He was about two inches shorter than me, and we kept this glaring contest going for several minutes.

"You think you can out glare me?" Aesh growled.

< Dunno. You tell me.> I growled back.

There was a distant explosion, and Aesh's gaze turned towards the tower that was hidden from view. "Shit!" he sneered.

< Well I won that one.> I snickered, following his gaze. < The fuck?>

Aesh sort of grinned and shook his head. "That must be Magus doing his thing." His face grew serious when Magus didn't reappear right away. "Fuck. I think they're in trouble."

< Then lets go kick ass.> I said, grabbing my shredder rifle and slinging it over my shoulder.

Aesh bent his knees and took off, his white cape fluttering behind him as he disappeared from view. I ran along behind him, and reached the tower a few minutes after he did. I took the rifle off my shoulder, charged it up and prepared to shoot when necessary.

The tower was fucked up. One side had been blown out, and the rest was slowly collapsing. "Oh shit!"

Aesh flew in through a window and started busting heads. A Hork Bajir flew out the window and fell about six stories to his doom. His wrist and elbow blades dug a furrow into the ground as he landed. There was a lot more yelling and cussing going on as I cantered inside the shuddering tower.

Arbron came running out, holding his side where he got a minor dracon beam burn. < Move it! The place is gonna blow!>

< Where the fuck are the others?!> I snapped, grabbing his arm.

< Dunno.> Arbron said. Right then, Semeir entered.

< What the fuck are you doing here?!> I asked.

< Helping friends. Let me get Arbron out of here.> She said, and I helped Arbron to her.

Semeir slung one of Arbron's arms over her shoulders and made her way outside with him. I made my way up some stairs and shot down a Hork Bajir as he leapt at me. However, I didn't get a chance to shoot at the Taxxon that was about to ram it's heavy, reeking body down on me.

< Shit!> I moaned.

The Taxxon started to slam it's body down. All of a sudden the air cracked and a tail swiped over my head, the tailblade slicing through the taxxon like a knife through butter. The sound was disgusting, but the Taxxon fell to the ground in two pieces.

I turned my stalk eyes back to see Semeir standing there, her large main eyes ablaze with a wild flame. For a minute there, she scared me. Seriously! She may look like a delicate little thing, but when she gets in a fighting mood, she's like a walking tailblade machine.

< Holy fuck! Thanks Semeir.> I gasped.

"You might wanna clear out!" Aesh came dashing down the corridor.

< Why what's going on?> Semeir asked.

"The place's gonna collapse!"

< FUCK!!!!> I yelled. Semeir grabbed my arm and hauled me outside. I yanked my arm away, momentarily frightened by a quick flashback of Visser Three grabbing me in much the same manner.

But Semeir wasn't paying attention to me. She was already galloping back inside the shuddering, crumbling tower. Get this: the whole damn

place was about to fall, and Semeir was running back in. At first I didn't know why, but when I looked around, I noticed Magus was missing.

"Aw hell!" Aesh cursed and rose up, looking around.

I saw Semeir helping Magus out. He was leaning against her, and looked totally fucked up with his clothes all ripped and shit. Semeir looked up and suddenly shoved Magus out.

< Run! NOW!!!!!!> She yelled and the tower collapsed at that moment with a loud rumbling crash.

"SEMEIR!!!!" Magus screamed. Aesh grabbed him before he could run back in.

< Semeir!!!!!! NO!!!!> Arbron shrieked.

< HOLY FUCK!!!!!!> I yelled as dust was thrown up.

When everything went quiet, Magus ran over and started digging through the mess. Arbron joined in and after a moment Aesh and I did too. Everyone was shouting Semeir's name. I realized, by how upset they were, how important Semeir must be to this group. Hell, she'd run into a COLLAPSING building to save a friend, as if in total disregard of her own well being.

Someone else showed up, probably startled by the noise of the falling tower. He was another Andalite, but noone knew his real name. He introduced himself as Sub Force Dark Squad. When he saw what had happened, he quickly joined the digging.

< Hey!> I yelled as I uncovered a hoof. < I found her! Over here!>

< Sem!> Sub cried, digging faster.

Aesh shoved his way in and lifted a metal beam, making the whole dig much easier. When we finally uncovered Semeir, she wasn't moving. I checked for a pulse and found a weak one, so I knew she was alive.

< She's alive.> I said, and a general sigh of relief went up.

Magus picked her up carefully, and moved her out of the wreckage. Amazingly, totally amazingly, Semeir started coming around.

< Run! get out!.now!..> She had blood trickling from her nose slightly, forming dark patterns across the lower half of her face. It reminded me of Khaavren when he was dying.

"Sem calm down. We're OK." Magus put her down carefully.

< You sure!..?> Her eyes fluttered and she went unconscious again. Sub and Arbron rushed over and knelt down.

I got up and turned to found myself face to face with Aesh. I almost jumped a foot. That son of a bitch could move so damn quietly! He just stood there glaring at me with his arms crossed, his cape fluttering in the wind.

< What the fuck you lookin' at?> I sneered slightly.

"Humph. You tell me." Aesh retorted without changing his expression.

I scowled, but inside I wanted to laugh. I'd have said the same damn thing! This was too funny. Well maybe not funny, but interesting. Aesh brushed past me and knelt by Semeir. Since I felt like a fifth wheel, I went off on my own.

< Hey!> Sub jostled up and matched trotting pace with me. < Never seen you before. Who're you?>

< Shadode-Garilion-Eritoff.> I muttered.

< Oh. I'm Sub Force. Call me Sub.> He stated brightly. Sub was trotting a little too close for my liking, so I scooted away a bit.

< Hi Sub. Nice meeting you.> I replied as I reached the lake. Being alone near another male Andalite I didn't know really made me feel uncomfortable, so I tried to stay as far from him as possible without trying to look nervous. But he stepped a little closer.

< So why'd you come here?> Sub asked.

< Just cuz.> I said back as I pulled my hoof out of the water.

About three hours later Semeir was bugging everyone to let her get up. Everyone kept laughing and smiling about it. I guess Semeir's the type of gal that noone can keep down. Personally, I admired her, and still admire her.

Magus was pigging out on food from a place called "MacDonald's", and damn could he make a mess. I swear, I counted at least fifty fast food bags in all. Maybe more. Magus dumped a package of french fries into his mouth, chewed once, then stuffed a cheeseburger in too. Then he took a drink of a milkshake and swallowed. He repeated this process several times with many different food items. Ahem. What a pig.

< Damn pig.> I muttered as I passed him.

Magus belched and launched a french fry at the side of my head. I swiped it away and sneered, but he just grinned and lifted his drink to me like a toast. I flipped him off and watched Semeir check Arbron's wound. Arbron was griping about how he was so useless. Frankly, it was pissing me off.

< Don't throw a fucking pity party for surviving. Be thankful. If you seen the shit I seenâ€|you'd fucking wish you were dead.> I sneered.

< Shut up Shadode.> Arbron complained. < Don't tick me off.>

< What are you gonna do? Bleed on me?> I started to walk away.

Before I could think, I was slammed face first into a tree, spun around and thrown on the ground and felt a cold, smooth tailblade at my throat. I let out a gasp of surprise when I found myself face to

face with Semeir.

< Sh-shit!> I cried, and her tailblade pressed down a little harder, her eyes like molten gold.

Was I scared? Fuck yeah!

Semeir spoke to me, her thoughtspeak voice soft, but cold. < Never, I mean NEVER, talk like that around my friends. I don't know what sort of past you have, but frankly, your attitude sucks! LIGHTEN UP!!>

I was too surprised and astonished to speak. Instead I just rubbed my throat when Semeir pulled her tailblade away. Arbron gave me this totally asinine look, and I glowered back at him and gave him the middle finger. He could go fuck himself for all I cared.

A shadow fell over me, and I heard the rustle of cloth as someone let off a snicker. I turned my stalk eyes backwards and up to find Aesh looking down at me with an shit eating smirk on his face.

"Get up." Aesh snapped.

< I will when I fucking feel like it!> I snapped back.

"But you're an easy target when you're laying down. I thought everyone knew that."

I just sneered and sat up. < Why do you care?>

Aesh smirked and threw his cape over his shoulder. "I don't."

< Dude. Fuck you!> I said and got up.

He snickered and took up the spot I was just laying on as he sat down. I flipped him off and walked out into the meadow to finish grazing.

I was on my own, just exploring the area and looking at the amazing silver ship that was shaped like a tailblade.

< Damn!> I said to myself. < That's cool.>

"She said she had a dream of flying that thing once." Someone said from behind me. I heard a rustle of cloth and turned around to find Aesh standing there scowling.

< Helluva dream.> I said. < But dammit she made them come true. My dreams are all dead. Visser Three made sure of that.> I sighed, a little said.

"So? Start over again." He threw his cape over his shoulder and spat on the ground.

< You have no fucking clue what that asshole did to me! No clue at all! Do you know how it feels to be raped at night and tortured by day? To be worked until you're so fucking exhausted you don't know your ass from your forehead? DO YOU?!> I pushed my face in his briefly, then stood back and glowered at him with my arms crossed and my torso bent slightly forward in an angry posture.

"Have you ever gone and blown up a planet before just for fun? Have you ever killed people and LIKED doing it at the time?" Aesh shot back with an angry snarl.

That caught me off guard, I will admit. < And just how the fuck did you blow up a planet?>

"With ki. Magus and I used to go around doing shit like that all the time."

< Humph.>

"Humph."

I turned my back and started to walk away when a dracon beam slicked across my path. < SON OF A FUCKING BITCH!!!!> I screamed, just noticing the hand clamped down on my shoulder. The hand that had pulled me out of the path of that dracon beam. < SHIT!!!!> I yelled again, my stalk eyes turning to Aesh as he removed his hand from my shoulder.

"Watch yourself. That would have killed you, Shadode." He said, looking up with a sneer as he followed the bug fighter with his vision.

< Whatever.> I muttered, looking up as I readied my shredder rifle.

Aesh had something else in mind, however, and crossed his arms and lowered his head chin to chest. A greenish aura surrounded him, and some unknown sort of wind blew his white cape around.

< What the fuck you doing?>

"Just shut up so I can concentrate!" he snapped.

I sneered and waited, slowly taking aim at a bug fighter with my shredder rifle. As soon as the cockpit was in range, I fired off a shot. Bullseye! The pilot was blinded by the glare and lost control of his craft. At that moment, Aesh grasped his left wrist with his right hand and pointed at the bug fighter.

"DEVIL CANNON!!!! FIRE!!!!" He yelled, and his awesome blast with a flame swirling around it flew from his fingertips at the bug fighter. With a loud boom, the bug fighter exploded into ions.

< HOLY FUCK!!!! HOW DID YOU DO THAT?!> I exclaimed in total surprise.

Aesh actually grinned for a moment. "Practice."

I snorted and crossed my arms. < There will be more. That was a scout, I think.>

"Yeah, yeah. Semeir knows this and she never shuts up about it."

< You need to get a girlfriend.> I muttered

"Nameks don't love." Aesh spat and sneered at me.

< Ha! Now I see why you're so fucking rude. You never get laid!> I snickered out loud.

"Thank you, but I'm asexual." He commented.

< Where's the fun in that? So what, you like have a useless weiner or something?>

To my surprise, Aesh turned around, undid the sash around his waist and pulled down his pants. Instead of a private, he just had a pink patch there, like the ones on his biceps and stuff. He gave me a nod and pulled his pants back up again after I'd seen enough. "Don't tell anyone about what you saw, but now you know. And I don't have an asshole either. I just got a crack from where God split me down the middle. That's that."

Feeling like a smartass, I asked, < OK then. How do you have your kids?>

"We puke up eggs."

< Yum.> I muttered. < So you can like, whenever you feel like it, just barf up an egg and out pops a kid?>

"Only some of us can make children," he said simply.

< So it's that easy.> I muttered.

"I'll show you." Aesh said. Then his eyes went wide with what looked like pain.

He grabbed his chest and his stomach and doubled over. I almost wanted to walk over there and put a hand on his back or something to comfort him, but I couldn't move. Aesh groaned, a bulge that couldn't possibly fit where it was growing formed in his throat. His jaw unhinged, just like a snake's does, and his mouth opened wide as the slimy egg fell out and landed with a soft plop on the ground. He remained doubled over for a moment more, then straightened, spat and wiped his mouth.

< Holy fucking shit!> I cried, giving Aesh this incredulous look.

Aesh stomped on the egg and crushed it with a slimy splat and a crunch. "But as I said, I don't have the gift to make a child. Only the strongest of my race can." He stood there for a moment with his foot in the crushed egg, then shifted his weight and shook the goo and eggshell off his shoe.

For some reason the shattered egg reminded me of my shattered dreams. I averted all four eyes to look off to the horizon instead and muttered, < Just like my dreams.>

Either Aesh didn't hear it, or he was ignoring me. He didn't react to what I said.

< Know what sometimes happens to two hard things when they collide?> I asked.

"They smash each other. Duh." Aesh replied with a snort.

< Sometimes they crack open or shatter. And whatever is inside is exposed.> I shut up real quick. Why the fuck was I talking like this?

He shrugged and his ears pricked. "Here come the rest of them."

< Let's kick some ass.>

"If Semeir was here she'd say 'no fear'." Aesh looked up.

< I got my own motto: Shove it!>

He snickered and started to charge up his ki. I started taking aim with my shredder. And as the first three bug fighters appeared, Aesh started throwing rapid ki blasts at them. I started shooting, and pretty soon those three bug fighters went down.

The next wave proved to be a little tougher. A bug fighter fired off a shot that almost took my head off, but missed by inches and the shot hit the ground at my hooves. The shockwave send me flying into the wreckage of one of the downed bug fighters. I was blacking out, but before I did, I saw Aesh kicking ass.

When I came to, Aesh was digging me out of the mess. "Is your ass in one piece?"

< Yes. Not that you care.> I grumbled, sitting up. < Owwwwâ€|.dammit my head.>

"Humph. Concussion. Shit happens." Aesh said.

< Fuck you.> I muttered and got to my feet.

He just snickered and was about to take off to chase down the last bug fighter, but turned and said, "Be careful Shadode. Stay alive!" With that he was gone.

Was he starting to care? Or was he just saying that?

And that wasn't the only time this happened. Aesh seemed to protect me on more than one occasion. If someone pissed me off, he got pissed. Both of our attitudes sucked ass. I also started to be come aware of something within myself. To me, Aesh was cute. No doubt about it. Cute and hot. Something rare for a non-Andalite.

Semeir suggested I get a human morph so I could pass in public places. She used an Escafil device on me, and then we searched for suitable humans. Well, I got a helluva human morph. Ever heard of Chyna from the World Wrestling Federation? Yup. That's who I acquired. But I also acquired someone with a darker skin complexion. And Semeir was with me when I started the morph for the first time.

Oh shit, this was weird.

My stalk eyes shriveled up into my head and my shoulders broadened. More muscle built up in my arms as my seven fingeres melted to just five. I felt a gash open in my face as my mouth appeared, and then my nose seemed to just shoot out like a rocket as hair grew and my fur

vanished.. I felt my hind legs reverse direction as my tail got sucked up into my butt, and my hooves formed into feet with five toes each. That's when I fell on my face. My front legs shrank up into my chest and left only two bumps there. All mature human females have two lumps on their chest with a darker area of skin in the middle. I never knew why.

But there I was, a muscular human female with dark skin and black hair.

"What? Ta. Wha. Wwwaaaaa." Talking with a mouth is fucking weird! My throat vibrated!

Semeir's human morph is pretty. She looks like a girl with long brown hair and blue eyes. "It takes getting used to. Tuh."

"I feel so fucked up. Ffff. Puh."

That's when Aesh landed. He looked at Semeir, recognizing her human morph. But he didn't know me, and well, it was rather amusing at first.

"Greetings Aesh. Gr. Ting." Semeir smiled with her mouth buy turning the corners upwards.

"Hi. Who's this?" Aesh said, looking at me with a slight sneer.

"It's Shadode. Shhhha. Dode." I answered.

He blinked. "Ehhâ€¦nice morph."

"Whatever," I managed to say without stuttering.

Dammit I couldn't help myself. I knew EXACTLY how to let Aesh know how I felt. Arbron came trotting up and knew it was me because Semeir had told him we had gone to get me a human morph.

< Hi Shadode. Nice morph.> Said Arbron as Semeir demorphed.

"Thanks, I guess. Ess."

Aesh's antennae twitched as he looked up and down. _Get him!_ My mind screamed. And I listened. Before he could think, I grabbed Aesh's shoulders and planted my lips on his briefly. That's how people with lips kiss. By touching mouths. Aesh jumped back, wide eyed like I'd shoved a hot poker up his ass. Oh wait. He doesn't have an asshole; oh well.

Aesh spat and glared at me. "What the HELL was that?!"

I snickered at him. "A fucking kiss. Iss." And then I demorphed. I have to admit: I liked his lips.

< She LIKES Aesh!> Arbron laughed. < I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it myself!>

< Arbron?> I began as Semeir broke out into giggles.

< What.>

< Shove it.>

Aesh snickered and started walking off on his own, his white cape fluttering in the wind. Semeir calmed herself down and got Arbron busy with cleaning up the bug fighter mess.

I went off by myself when Sub trotted up. < Soâ€¦..what's new?>

< Not much.>

< Hm. Oh well.> he tried to put his arm around me. I saw a flashback of Visser Three doing the same thing, only when he'd done that it was to restrain me. And I don't like being held down in any way.

Quickly I moved away. < Don't touch me.>

< What's wrong? Why not?> Was this asshole trying to get fresh with me? In my opinion, he was.

< Because I fucking don't want you to!> I snarled.

< You're weird.> Sub commented, trying once more to take my hand or touch me in some fashion.

< Dude! Back off!> I backed away from him again with my tail arched and the blade glinted in the light. He was pissing me off, and if he didn't knock the shit off he was gonna lose his head.

It happened so damn fast. Out of nowhere some fast moving object came flying down and tackled Sub. That fast moving object was Aesh.

"Asshole she said back off!" He snarled as he held Sub down by his throat.

< Fine! Fine!> Sub shrieked. < Lemme go!>

"Next time you do that I will kill your ass." He let Sub up.

I just stood there with a blank look on my face. Seriously, I couldn't believe what I'd just seen. Aesh didn't smile or anything, but he turned his head and gave me something that I can only describe as a wink. Then he took off again. Part of me wanted to just laugh. But I just stood there as Sub got up and limped off angrily.

Could it be that Mr. Asshole, the big, bad, coldhearted Namek was starting to warm up a little? Maybe.

That evening I heard Semeir in the forest. I went to where she was and listened. I think she was reciting a poem.

< _You and me. Together we be. Night and day. Always this way. Never alone in our hearts_.> She was kneeling in front of something.

I waited for her to finish before approaching. She was kneeling down under a HUGE ass willow tree in the middle of the clearing. As she finished the poem, Semeir touched her forehead to a stone under the tree. At first I didn't realize what it was, but when she straightened, I realized it was a headstone. When I saw the name

written on it I almost croaked: _Elfangor-Sirinial-Shamtul._

--

< Whoaâ€|> I whispered, kneeling by Semeir. < Is he really buried here?>

Semeir nodded slowly, and there was no mistaking the love she had for Elfangor in her eyes. Semeir loves everyone. She's the 'mother' of the whole group that I hang with. I mean, she takes care of everyone but herself; and she's also one of the nicest people I ever met.

I plucked a nearby flower and put it gently on the grave. < Did he die in pain?> I asked, remembering how Khaavren had died.

< No. He justâ€|..went to sleep in my arms. The last thing he said to me was "I love you".> Semeir reached a delicate hand out and traced Elfangor's name on the headstone.

Khaavren didn't have that novelty. He rotted in a pile of bodies long ago if Visser Three didn't rip him apart after my escape.

< You like Aesh.> It wasn't a question, nor an uncertain remark. Semeir said that sentence like she'd known all along. Then she looked at me and smiled.

< How the hell did you know that?> I asked, raising a brow slightly.

< Come on Shadode. I see these things!> She blushed and giggled. < It's hard not to when all the men around here seem to have a 'crush' on me. And you did KISS him.> Why wouldn't they? Semeir was pretty, nice and had two hearts bigger than anything in the damn world.

I think I was even a little jealous. See, I'm covered in scars. I look like hell.

< Yeah, I do like him. A lot. He's even kinda cute.> I said.

< So tell him how you feel.> Semeir said simply.

< Why? So he can kick my ass?>

< No. Because you may not have another chance. I got lucky with Elfangor. The Ellimist intervened with his timeline. I got to know a love so strong it was like a beautiful dream. But like the spring wind, he was here and gone againâ€|>

< He ain't gone, Semeir.> I put my fist to my chest. < He's right here.> Then I tapped my forehead. < And here.>

Semeir smiled. < Elfangor comes to me in my dreams. Every night.>

"SPECIAL DELIVERY!!!!" Magus sailed down from the trees with Krisallin in his arms.

Semeir squealed and I let out a startled yelp. Semeir caught a giggling Krisallin in her arms and Magus landed with a soft plop on the ground.

"So what's up?" Magus asked.

< Not much.> I answered. Semeir was busy with Krisallin, so Magus and I left them alone.

"Not much? Then why is Aesh acting all weird. Did you make him sick?" Magus started grinning.

< I dunno.> I answered with an honest shrug as I scuffed my hooves along in the grass. < He almost kicked Sub's ass for trying to get fresh with me.>

"That's what I'm talking about. I dunno. It's just not 'Aesh-ish' of him to care." He shrugged. "Gotta answer the Calling. See ya." Magus took off and streaked over the horizon.

Well it was getting late and I was tired. I picked up my shredder rifle and held it as I fell asleep. That's right, I sleep with a weapon. Being in perfect silence bothers me. It reminded me of the calm right before Visser Three would go about his torture with me. Sometimes I still had nightmares about that shit.

About a week later, I decided to 'get' Aesh again with that kiss. Hell, it was fun anyway to see his reaction. The guy could make the most amusing facial expressions at times. So I morphed to human and waited for him to make his landing. I didn't give him a chance to get away either. As soon as Aesh landed, I grabbed his head and planted one right on his lips. Of course he shoved me away.

"Shit! Can't you like ring a bell or something to warn me first?" Aesh snarled.

< Nope. Cuz then you wouldn't let me.> I snickered as I demorphed, using thoughtspeak since my mouth had already sealed up.

"Exactly."

< You know what? You're like the first person I met that ever fights back when I act like a smartass. Sheesh. I should call you Doctor Ass or something.> I smirked at him and crossed my arms.

Aesh seemed to smile for about a half second. Then he turned around and said, "Well whatever Nurse Shit-dode."

I have to admit, THAT one was funny. And for the first damn time in ages I actually laughed. I laughed for quite some time, and at some point I think Aesh joined in. Then Magus showed up and shoved Aesh into the lake. Aesh pulled him in and they wrestled in the water for awhile. More like kicked each other's asses. Magus was laughing and Aesh was cussing up a storm.

"Is that the best you can do?" Magus taunted Aesh as he him underwater.. Then he got pulled under as Aesh came up.

"Nope." Aesh said. He threw off his turban, shirt, then his white cape and mantle and tossed them onto the shore. Magus got out and grinned like a smartass. And his damned hair never changed. How the fuck did it stand up like that?

< Magus you asshole.> I snickered.

"Takes one to know one." Magus retorted. I started chasing him, but he took off and flew away. Oh well. Now it was just Aesh and I.

Aesh was just sitting in the water, probably relaxing. I knew he wouldn't hurt me. He couldn't really perform the sexual act, and that made me more comfortable around him. So I climbed into the lake with him. He didn't complain.

< Nice n' warm.> I muttered as I walked up behind him and started popping my knuckles.

Did I mention I have 'magic' hands? I do! I can draw and when I give a massage, whoever is receiving it is at my 'mercy'. Heh, heh, heh.

Anyway, went up behind Aesh and grasped his shoulders.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

< Relax will you? It ain't gonna hurt.> I answered and started my massage. Now, I've heard of people having tense shoulder muscles, but this guy was LIKE A ROCK!

And it seemed as if Aesh was enjoying it too. His head kept bobbing slightly and finally lolled back and he looked at me, his antennae quivering.

"Dat feels good, don't stop." He mumbled as if almost asleep. And within a few minutes, Aesh was sound asleep, laying spread-eagle in the shallow water. I kept on rubbing his shoulders, seeing that he was still a knot factory.

Magus had returned, I soon found out. He was talking to Semeir when I finally became aware of anything else.

"Gawd, if she keeps that up he'll have an orgasm or something." Magus groaned.

Semeir laughed. < He looks more asleep to me.>

"Wha- aw man! Last time Aesh slept he slept for ten damn years!" He cried, and she shrugged.

I just sat Aesh up and leaned his front against me while I massaged down his back. All of a sudden his arms wrapped around me as he slept. Probably a dream, but I liked it. Anyway I was already in heaven. There I sat with this totally hot guy in my arms and I was massaging his back. When Aesh relaxed again I turned him around(not hard to do since he was in water and floating a little) and used just my thumbs to massage the base of his skull.

Lemme tell you something, NOTHING feels better than having that spot massaged when you have a headache.

Aesh woke up when I started doing that. I finished and wrapped my arms around his neck from behind and kinda hugged him.

< Feel better?> I asked quietly, a rare thing for me. Usually I'm yelling or snapping or something like that.

With a sigh, Aesh replied, "Yeah, I guessâ€|" Then he got interested in something Magus was doing. What Aesh was watching didn't interest me. What his hands were doing did.

Aesh was caressing the backs of my hands with his while my arms were around his neck. Now that may not sound like much, but from a guy that never seems capable of love, it's quite a lot. However, I didn't make him aware of it, because if I did I knew he might stop. And dammit I didn't want him to.

"You might wanna put your tail down." Aesh commented suddenly.

< Huh? Why?> I asked.

"Cuz I'm gonna stand up."

< Oh.> I put my tail down and pressed it tight over my hindquarters as Aesh stood up with me dangling slightly off his back like some cloak or something.

I really started to think about what Aesh did. He said he couldn't love, and yet, there he was rubbing my hands. Conscious or unconscious, it was a show of affection. No way to lie out of that one.

I was grazing when I noticed a Namek much like Aesh. The most asinine, hairbrained, insane idea came into my mind. I stalked that Namek, snuck up on him. And as he was about to turn around, I swung the flat side of my tailblade at the side of his head before he saw me. The Namek dropped like a rock. I put my hand on the back of his head and acquired him.

< Sorry dude. But I need the DNA.> I muttered, getting out of there before he came to. Somewhere in the distance I heard someone yell the name Piccolo.

I got somewhere private and started to morph. My nose popped out first, a green appendage in the middle of my scarred purple face. All my fur melted away and became green with the pink patches popping out. Now I was a green Andalite. How weird was this?! I felt my eyestalks shrink in circumference as the eyeballs themselves disappeared. My shrunk eyestalks migrated forward to my forehead. Slowly, my tail withered and was sucked up into my body as my hind knees reversed direction and my front legs were slowly sucked into my chest.

The morph finished and I was an exact copy of Piccolo. Oh how can I explain the power I felt surging through every cell? I can't! It was so amazing! I felt so strong, so powerful! In a surge of ki aura, I felt like I was blasting off as I took to the skies and flew. I was a bird! A plane! Aâ€|..naked Namek.

I still didn't care. I just flew. I zoomed over the trees, over and around branches, loving the feel of this power. _So this is what it's like for Aesh_, I thought.

I kept the morph a secret, and only used it that once just to see

what it was like. Anyway, Semeir was throwing a party of some sort and I like parties. Of course, there was a massive food fight going on when I got there. Magus was holed up behind the cake and throwing chunks at people. Arbron was running around like a madman tossing salad at everyone (and getting more on himself than anyone else). Semeir was just standing there laughing behind the table where the food was.

Aesh was standing off to the side. Heh, heh, heh. Good. I grabbed a handful of cake frosting, dashed up to him and smashed it into his face. He never knew what hit him till I was back over by the cake.

Semeir pointed and laughed. < You've been caked! >

Aesh looked pissed as he wiped the frosting off his face. At first I thought he was coming over to kick my ass. Nope. He body slammed me into the cake! SPLAT!

< ARGH! Dammit you asshole! > I yelled as I grabbed his cape and pulled him in too.

"Maybe. But I don't eat." Aesh stated calmly like nothing was happening. Then he looked up. "Oh shit."

The cake caved in on us. We were one hell of a mess, and everyone was laughing their ass off at us. Figures. Aesh had to drag me out, and when he did he threw me into the lake.

Halfway into the party I morphed human and took a taste of that cake. Lemme tell you something: chocolate is HIGHLY addictive. I ate about two handfuls of it before I was ready to mess around some more. Aesh shoved me face first into the cake again.

"Sonuvaâ€¦!" I pushed him back in once I got out. This time he actually laughed at me. Aesh laughing is a rare thing, but it was worth it.

Semeir helped everyone get cleaned up. And I have to ask myself: When does Semeir NOT help others? Anyway, the party was pretty much burned out, and I wanted to 'get' Aesh again before he took off.

"Hey Aesh. Aah. Ssh." I said, getting his attention.

"What." He barked.

With a smartass smirk on my face, I walked over, grabbed his head and kissed him. Aesh didn't squirm away like I expected him to. Instead, he grabbed my head and kissed me back.

Kissed. Me. Back.

I could have flipped. I didn't but I could have. That's how fucking happy I was, and I hadn't been happy since the day my mother was murdered. The kiss lasted about two seconds, but for me, it was two years. Heh. As long as I live I'm gonna remember that day.

When he pulled back, Aesh just sorta licked his lips and smirked. Then he took off.

Sleep came easily to me that night. My dreams are something I don't talk about. Know why? I don't dream at night anymore. Not like most people do anyway. Maybe that's why I'm so bitchy.

Strangely, I didn't see Aesh for a few days after that swift kiss. I thought I'd scared him off, but Magus told me that Aesh was going through some sort of "evolution".

< What the fuck do you mean?> I asked.

"I dunno. He's just training and meditating and stuff. Bigtime." Magus answered, running hand through his wild hair. Sometimes I swear that if I were to throw him against a tree, he'd stick in it by his hair like an arrow that was shot from a bow.

I shrugged, slightly tiring of him being there. I kinda wanted to be alone so I could go back to sleep. Magus seemed to sense this.

"Well I'll see ya later, 'Dode."

< DON'T CALL ME 'DODE!!!!!!> I yelled as he left. Sneering, I crossed my arms over my shredder and went back to sleep.

The sensation of the gun being jerked from my grasp woke me. There were eight Hork Bajir there, and two held me down. Two more helped and they started toâ€¦|.

NO! NO NO!!!!!!! THIS HAD TO BE A NIGHTMARE!!!!

I screamed. < LET ME THE FUCK GO!!!!!!!>

One penetrated me. He did his thing and then held me while another did it. All those memories, all that past pain surfaced in a rush as the Hork Bajir slashed at me to rape me. And like I used to do, I laid still and submissively, knowing it would be over faster if I just laid there. I could feel my blood running down between my hind legs. I was in agonizing pain.

All of a sudden a green ki blast came from the sky and incinerated one Hork Bajir. A green streak and a flash of white slammed another into a tree with such force that his head came off. Aesh!

Aesh turned and performed a spin kick to the next Hork Bajir, sending it sprawling into the mud. The others took off running like their asses were on fire, and Aesh had a few blasts following their trails. I was just laying there, bleeding and moaning in pain.

"Shadodeâ€¦|" Aesh knelt down and touched my arm. When I didn't answer, he put his arms around me, sat me up and held me a little awkwardly. Showing affection probably wasn't natural to him, so it was more like a VERY gently applied wrestling hold. For a moment it was anyway. "Just let it outâ€¦|"

The dam broke. I didn't shed tears, because Andalites can't, but I cried in my hearts and in thoughtspeak. Aesh just held me while I cried and poured out the story of my past, starting from when my mother was murdered up to when I first met him. He listened silently, probably unconsciously stroking the back of my head.

Remembering something Semeir had told me, I started to speak. My

courage started to fail there, but I tried anyway. < Aeshâ€¦Iâ€¦.Iâ€¦>

"I know. I feel the same." He said simply and tearsely.

I pulled my head back and our eyes met. For once his eyes were soft, and for a moment that macho-man shell of his came off when he looked back at me. Without thinking, I reached my hand up and brushed the palm against his cheek. The tingle it left behind made him blink, and I realized he didn't know I'd just kissed him. I left it at that.

After our little 'moment', Aesh examined my injured hindquarters and grimaced. "Ooh they messed it up bad back there."

< Speaking of stuff like thatâ€¦..what was this 'evolution' you went through?> I asked, wincing a little.

"Lemme put it this way: To many men it's a weak spot."

For a moment it didn't click. But then I recalled how many males double over when kicked in the crotch. < You mean you grew
â€¦..?!!!!!!>

"And it hurt like a fucker too! Try growing another arm where there never was one before." Aesh growled a little.

I never did ask why he did that.

A couple of days later, I healed up and was on my four legs again. I also tried that Namek morph again, but this time, I wanted to play with it a little, and did a _frolis_ maneuver.

I started the Namek morph, but partway into it, I added in the human DNA too. See, ALL Nameks look male. But when I finished morphing, I looked like a female Namek. The first of a kind. And to be honest - I didn't look half bad either. I had those two bumps on my chest of course, and my hips were wide like a human female's. Other than that, I was Namek.

Aesh was in for a surprise.

I waited around for him, needing to make only one demorph and remorph as I waited. Semeir popped out from behind a tree. < What the? Who're you?>

"Semeir! It's Shadode. I did a _frolis_ maneuver. Ya think Aesh will like it?" I asked. Strangely I had a better time controlling the Namek mouth than I did the human mouth.

Semeir's huge main eyes seemed to double in size for a moment. < I think he will. You look nice. Really.> she smiled.

"Thanks. Heyyyyâ€¦." I felt the surge of ki power raising. I became aware of my intense sense of hearing. My antennae could feel the slightest breeze. I could sense Semeir without seeing her.

< Shadode? Are you alright?>

"Yeah, just getting used to the bodyâ€¦.whoaâ€¦I can FEEL you here

without seeing you." I smirked and made a fist. How I would control this ki was a mystery, but I realized it was easier than I thought. I just concentrated on my fist and a white glow formed around it.
"WHOA!"

< Hey! Your hand!> Semeir exclaimed, trotting over and examined it.

I could feel the power surging through me. Everything around me had it. My body was like a conduit, my spirit was the core and my concentration was what commanded it all. With a yell, I threw a white blast at a nearby tree. The tree exploded into splinters!

"HOLY SHIT!!!!" I cried.

< YEEOW!> Semeir squealed. < Shadode! That was great!>

That's when I sensed something. Like some sort of radar in the back of my mind I picked up a reading of someone approaching.

< Aesh is coming.> Semeir said simply.

"I knowâ€|it's fucking weirdâ€|." I said, hopping behind some trees. This was gonna be good.

Aesh landed, his cape flapping in the wind behind him as he looked around.

< Greetings Aesh.> Semeir said as she trotted out from behind the trees. Aesh looked at her and kinda gave her a weird look for a moment.

"I coulda sworn I sensed a power level here. And it wasn't yours. What the-" His eyes fell in the busted up tree. "The hell? Who did this?"

< Not I,> Semeir smiled.

"Then who? Is there another Saiyan running around?" Aesh asked.

"Try another Namek." I stated as I stepped out from behind the trees. Aesh's jaw dropped, and I swear that he almost shit himself.

Semeir laughed and pushed his jaw shut for him. I don't think he noticed.

< I'll leave you two alone. Bye.> She laughed and trotted off over the hill.

"Who the fuck are you?" Aesh asked.

"Yo. It's Shadode. Like the morph?" I spun around once to show off.

"It'sâ€|whoaâ€|.how'd you DO that?"

"A _frolis_ maneuver." I answered. "And oh yeah. I blew the fuck out of that tree over there."

"Iâ€|damn I guess." Aesh still looked like someone had thrown hot

water down his pants or something. I guess I really DID get him this time, and I wish I'd had a camera to capture the look on his face when I walked out from behind the trees.

Arbron came over the hill and stopped. He looked at me with a blank look until I told him who I was. I also noticed Aesh looking at me out of the corner of his eye. Yup. I definitely had his attention with this morph. But dammit I wanted to put my arms around him, but I didn't right then because he might have smacked me or something. Oh well.

Arbron was really upset and explained to us that his son, Nevtish, was in trouble on a planet that was orbiting a star which was about to go supernova.

< Oh fuck! What are the yeerks up to now?> I moaned, having demorphed.

"We'll have to go save his ass then. C'mon let's get this over with." Aesh snapped, walking to a ship. It was a strange ship indeed, a ship I cannot describe. Aesh looked up at it and said the word "Piccolo." A round elevator like door dropped down. Aesh, Arbron and I stepped on and the ship lifted us back up inside.

< Shit. This is cool!> I said as I looked around.

< Interestingâ€|> Arbron commented.

"Let's hope there isn't any shit on the way that'll shoot at us." Aesh muttered, "This ship is only a transport. No weapons."

< Shitâ€|> I moaned.

< No weapons!? Aesh are you crazy or something!?> Arbron shrieked.

< Dude shut up! We're saving YOUR son's ass.> I snapped. Sometimes Arbron really pisses me off.

"Shut up I'm trying to fly this damn thing!" Aesh muttered some more words in Namekian and the ship turned and continued on it's course.

We saw the star before we saw the planet. The star's surface was pulsating and churning, changing odd colors and throwing off gas. I think Aesh said we had about thirty minutes before the star blew. Arbron just about had a hearts attack.

< Why'd they take him here?> He asked.

< Probably gonna leave him here to die when the star blows.> I answered.

"Exactly." Aesh added in.

There were no incidents when we landed. The weather was very unstable and just about all the plantlife was dead. There was a perpetual tornado in the distance that loomed over the horizon. Lightning flashed almost constantly and the wind was incredible.

< NEVTISH!!!!!!> Arbron yelled. Aesh grabbed the back of his

neck.

"SHUT UP!!!!!! You wanna get us caught!?"

< Look around you Aesh! This place could blow here now!> Arbron snapped.

< We have half and hour. C'mon move your ass!> I said, not liking this place either.

"I'm gonna look around real quick." Aesh said and lifted off. He streaked across the horizon and came back about five minutes later. "I think I found where he's being held. But there's a forcefield along the ground."

< Did you fly over it?> I asked.

"No. It reaches up to the sky. I can't get through it. It almost fried my guts."

Shit. This was going to be harder than we thought. Twenty minutes left.

< Crap!> Arbron moaned.

Aesh flew overhead and we followed from the ground. "I was thinking a direct blast to the generater could do it. Thing is how to hit it?"

I morphed to my female Namek morph. I concentrated and threw that white ki ball.

"SHIT NO!!!!!!" Aesh yelled a little too late. The blast hit the forcefield and ricochetted all over the damn place. "FUCK!"

"FUCK!" I echoed. But I noticed there was a hole in the forcefield. "Aesh! Get through!" I pointed to the ripple.

Aesh zipped through right as it closed. I demorphed and checked time. Fifteen minutes. Aesh located the generater and charged up. Within about a minute he was zipping his ass out of there as it blew. The air in front of us rippled like water, shimmered and returned to normal.

< OK it's safe now.> Arbron said as he stuck his hand out where the force field had been. The clouds got more intense as the sun got closer and closer to going supernova. < C'mon there's not much time!> He trotted off into some trees and disappeared from my sight.

Aesh looked around. "They'll be on us pretty soon. We gotta move our asses!"

I looked around. Arbron had disappeared. < Shit where did he go!?!>

"I dunno. C'mon let's go find his ass then." Aesh looked up at the sky for a moment. "Not much time."

So far, we had ten minutes left. Aesh picked up on Arbron and started heading the direction he'd been. I followed from the ground, but the

wind was making it a bit hard to keep a steady pace. Things blew over in my path and the wind whipped my fur relentlessly, exposing most of my scars.

< There!> I pointed to where Arbron was struggling in a net beside another Andalite, which I presumed to be Nevtish. < shit.>

"No, let him save himself." Aesh sneered. "Semeir ain't with us to save his ass so he'll save it himself."

< Whatever.> I muttered and checked the time. Eight minutes. Not good. The star was rumbling. RUMBLING! I could literally hear it boiling and shit. Plus it was getting REAL hot where we were.

I watched Arbron morph to fly enough to slip out of the net, then he demorphed and cut Nevtish free. Nevtish fell, weak, but Arbron helped him up and hurried to us as Aesh blasted the Hork Bajir guards to hell.

"Move your asses!" Aesh flew down near the ground, his cape fluttering behind him.

Nevtish was really weak, barely able to walk, but Arbron was helping the best he could. So I slung my arm around the both of them and the three of us were able to run together. The air was getting hotter, and the wind was increasing by the second. That tornado on the horizon was growing noticeably. Oh shit, this was bad. The star overhead was pulsating as Aesh, Arbron, Nevtish and I got to the ship.

The elevator door seemed to take forever to come down to us, but it did. I saw that tornado was about to engulf us as the door took us up into the ship.

"C'mon!" Aesh shouted at the computer as it started the ship. He said a few things in Namekian and gazed out at the approaching hemisphere-sized tornado that was approaching. It was only about a hundred feet from us.

The ship vibrated and began a slow lift off. The star was giving off shockwaves and brightening as we got the hell off the planet. Arbron took Nevtish to the back to rest, but Aesh and I watched the star once we got out of range of it's explosion.

"Supernova in 5â€|" Aesh began a countdown.

The star flashed.

"4â€|"

Gas spewed from it's very center.

"3â€|"

I could literally see the star begin to collapse on itself.

"2â€|"

Everything seemed to pause for one second in time.

"1â€|"

The star flashed again, brightly, and I could hear the immense energies that were about to be released.

"0â€|"

With strange slowness, the star swelled outward, looking like a beautiful flower blooming. And then, with a massive flash, the star exploded, spewing it's gasses into space. Three shockwaves followed the explosion. All the planets near it were instantly vaporized as the massive star died. Aesh turned away from it after a moment as I watched.

"Oh man. De'ja'vu." He said.

< What's wrong?> I asked, putting my arm around his waist. He didn't complain, probably having become accustomed to me doing that.

Aesh's eyes were glistening slightly with what could have been tears. His voice was steady when he spoke. "I remember on one of my planetkilling rampages, I had caused a star to go supernova by blasting it. Then i went and fucked around on the planet for awhile, terrorizing the peopleâ€|" he paused and looked out the window at the collapsing gasses of what would someday soon be a black hole. "The star gave off massive UV rays. I wasn't sensitive to them, but the people there were. I remember when I got on my shipâ€|thisâ€|burning little girl with a teddy bear tried to get onto my ship with me."

< What did you do?> I asked, not showing any emotion yet as to what he was saying.

"I pushed my foot against her head and shoved her out again. She was dead when she hit the ground, still holding that bear. Of all things I'll never forget that imageâ€|" he broke off and looked away from me. "Shadode my heart is evil."

I turned his face back to me. < Evil hearts don't feel guilty after a wrong doing.> I knew I sounded like Semeir. But I didn't care.

"You sound like Semeir." Aesh half smirked.

< Yeah I know.> I said back.

Aesh just put his hand on the back of my head and pulled me into a hug for a moment. "Nice to know someone feels the same way."

We landed on Earth not long after that. Arbron got Nevtish to his place and "out of our hair" as humans say. Before they went, Nevtish stood up the best he could.

< Thanks for saving my hindquarters.> He said.

< No problem.> I said back.

"Yeah." Aesh replied.

< Anytime son. C'mon.> Arbron smiled and they disappeared.

That evening, as I grazed in the meadow and doodled in my sketchbook, I found Aesh sitting there in the grass, meditating.

< Hey, Aesh.> I said.

"Hey." He said quietly as he concentrated slightly.

I was reminded of those dreams I had in the past. So I knelt down and explained them to Aesh. He listened quietly as the twilight sun caused shadows to play about his face. He wasn't wearing his cape or his turban, and I sketched him sitting there as I spoke.

"Interesting. A pre-meditated meeting perhaps? Shit, I dunno." He smirked as he caught a glimpse of the lifelike pencil sketch I'd just drawn. "Hey that's pretty good. Can I keep it?"

< Sure.> I said and handed it to him.

He folded it carefully and put it in a pouch on his belt, and then we looked at my sketches together. Most of them were of Aesh in different poses or facial expressions. But there were others too.

There were three of Semeir in there. The first one was of her when she was leaning her forehead against Elfangor's gravestone, the soft light playing about her face and large main eyes. Next was one that Semeir liked a lot. She was laying down with one hand near her face and the other up behind her head. Only her upper body was sketched, but still, it was one of my best. The third one was more like a cartoon. I'd made her eyes way too big and the rest of her was normal. Just a goof around sketch.

Of course I had one of Magus eating. His face was stuffed and he had a french fry hanging from the corner of his mouth. Whenever I need a laugh, I just pick that sketch up. The other was of him in some sort of fighting stance. His knees were bent and he had his arms at his sides, bent at the elbows with his fists balled so his palms were facing upwards. That was my favorite one of him.

The other sketches were nothing special. Aesh and I flipped through them all.

< Hey, Aesh. If you want you can watch me draw one. I'll do one of you again.> I said as I sharpened my pencil.

"Whatever." He sat down and looked over my shoulder.

I began to draw. Slowly, his outline began to appear on the paper. Shapes appeared first, then became more detailed until his facial features were there. I started shading, smiling slightly inwardly when I passed my fingers over the drawing's lips. When I finished I held it up so he could see.

"Hey that's nice." Aesh commented honestly.

< Thanks.> I said back.

"Have you ever drawn yourself?"

< Sure I have.> I showed Aesh the sketch of myself, covered in bleeding scars. I was crying in the image. < That's what I feel like all the time.>

"Draw yourself again. This time leave the scars off." He told me.

< But then it won't really be me.> I said a little sadly.

"Sure it will. You didn't start out with those scars did you?"

< Noâ€|but sometimes I feel like I have a soul of scars.> I replied a little coldly.

"So do I. Soul of scars." Aesh repeated in agreement.

So I started to draw, and omitted the scars. I realized what Aesh was making me draw. He was making me draw the way he saw me. Sure, I was full of scars and a jerk. Aesh was a jerk too. But dammit we loved each other. I think so anyway, because I hadn't openly said the three words to him yet. See, I was afraid that as soon as I told him that I loved him, he'd disappear on me, or die, like Khaavren did. But I had to say it.

< Aeshâ€|there's something I've kinda meant to tell ya.> I said as I finished the sketch of myself without scars. Surprisingly I wasn't half-bad. I'll never be pretty like Semeir is, but I'm not ugly either.

"I'm listening." Aesh answered as he looked at my sketch.

< I haveâ€|â€|feelings for you. But I'm afraid that if I tell you that I love you that you'll disappear, or something will happen to you.> I looked down. _Stupid Shadode, real stupid. Like he'll buy that._ I said silently to myself.

"Shadode." Aesh brought his hand under my chin and raised my head so our eyes met. "I feel the same way. I don't know what you did to me, but you were right about the hard things colliding. Fuck, we slammed head on into each other. Something mixed. And I won't disappear on you. That's a damn promise, because I love you too."

YES!!!

I'd laid out my heart, and he'd laid out his. Our feelings were known. Knowing that he felt the same made me happier than anything alive. I swear!

About a week after the little confession, Aesh caught me in the act of training while in my female Namek morph. I was trying to throw that ki blast again like he could. Semeir wasn't much help with her laughing at me out of fun.

I stuck my tongue out at her and she just said, < Oh that's mature!> and galloped off guffawing.

I just kinda flipped her off and walked up to Aesh to catch him with a little kiss. I was almost there when he turned his head and bit my ear.

"Ow! Hey fuck that hurt! Why'd you do that!?"

"Just cuz." He shrugged.

So I leaned up and bit his ear. Hard.

"FUCK!" he yelled and jerked his head away.

"It's not funny anymore is it?" I snapped.

Aesh sneered and flipped his cape over his shoulder. I muttered, feeling a bit bad about that, so I turned around and walked up to him. I'd drawn a little blood when I'd bit him. I touched the ear gingerly and said, "Sorryâ€|"

The way Aesh stuttered, one would think that he'd never apologized for anything in his life. "I'm sor-sorâ€|Iâ€|I apologize."

~*_And in your eyes, I see ribbons of color. I see us, inside each of each other. I feel my unconsciousness merge with yours. And I hear a voice say, "What's his is hers."_*~

I nodded and kissed his ear where I'd bitten him. Aesh looked at me and blinked. Then he started leaning in towards me. Our lips met, and we shared our first REAL kiss. The world stopped spinning. The wind stopped blowing. Everything just stopped for those long moments. Aesh put his arms around me and pulled me closer, the kiss growing deeper by the second. And I was in heaven!

~*_I'm falling into you. This dream could come true. And it feels so goodâ€|falling into you.*~

Aesh finally pulled back and licked his lips. "Mind if I do that again?"

"Nope. Do it to me again Aesh." I said, and he kissed me again. I leaned too far forward and we toppled over backwards. I landed on Aesh's stomach, but the kiss did not break.

~*_I was afraid to let you in here. Now I have learned love can't be made in fear. The walls begin to tumble down, and I can't even see the ground.*~

When the kiss did break, it was only long enough for Aesh to remove his turban, cape and mantle. He threw them aside like nothing and kissed me again, breathing hard like he'd run for miles.

"Aesh," I asked, my voice hardly a whisper, "do you want toâ€|?"

He smirked. "Why not?" And then he slid his hand down my back.

~*_I'm falling into you. This dream could come true. And it feels so goodâ€|falling into you. Falling like a leaf, falling like a star. Finding a belief, falling where you are.*~

Flashbacks began to haunt me, but I fought them off. When the timing was right, Aesh and I removed our clothing, and we continued to kiss and hold each other. We held each other's hands tightly as I rose to my knees and slowly lowered myself over him. Aesh gasped, his eyes growing wide as I leaned down to kiss him again.

It was Aesh and me, full of passion. Aesh and me, lying so close together. Aesh and me, making love in the grass of the meadow.

Tears streaked my face as I recalled Visser Three hurting me in those horrid ways. But Aesh's touch was gentler than that. Caressing replaced prodding. Stroking replaced slapping. Holding replaced grabbing.

~*_Catch me, don't let me drop! Love me, don't ever stop!_*

He kissed me deeper, harder, but not painfully, as the passion built up. This was a totally new experience for him, and me. After all, he was born an asexual being, and I had lived a life of rape. I kissed him back just as passionately as the sunlight played about our bodies.

Aesh's eyes widened and he started to groan a little. "Shit." He whispered.

"Let it happen!" I whispered, and then I went beyond words. Pleasure swallowed me up and carried me far beyond any pleasure I'd ever felt.

~*_I'm falling into you. This dream could come true. And it feels so good!_*_
falling into you. Falling like a leaf, falling like a star.
Finding a belief, falling where you are._*

Aesh suddenly sat up and threw his arms around me, his face buried in my chest as he panted and moaned, his body tensing against mine. I held him close that way as we swayed together in the grass. And when the brief ecstasy passed, we collapsed on one another in the grass, breathing hard.

~*_Falling into you!_*

"Holy!shit!" Aesh panted.

~*_Falling into you!_*

I grinned. "Felt good didn't it?"

"Yeah!"

~*_Falling into you!_*

I checked the time, "Gotta demorph pretty soon."

"Shadode!you could stay a Namek. We could fuse, exchange our memories and I can give you some of my strength." Aesh commented.

Aesh had told me about this once. He'd been fused with the essence of war. As long as hate and rage existed, he would live, unless he died in a fight. If the hate and war stopped existing, he would age and die. So basically he had eternal life, in a way.

And he was right. I could stay a Namek forever, and be with him.

"Fuse with me Aesh. I'll do it." I said as we sat up.

He nodded and began to concentrate. "Whatever happens, don't let go of me, OK?"

"Gotcha."

Aesh continued to concentrate. I watched a red and blue glow come about him, spreading all over his body. It crept up my arms and engulfed me, giving me a tingling sensation. Soon it surrounded us in a sphere of red and blue light, and I started to see things.

I saw planets exploding, and Aesh laughing. I saw that little girl with the teddy bear that Aesh had told me about. I saw all sorts of horrors and terror. Hot tears streamed down my cheeks. I knew that Aesh was seeing how Visser Three had raped me, the sick things he'd done and the horrors he'd put me through. Tears glistened in Aesh's eyes, and one escaped down his cheek.

Then the light became too bright for me to see anymore. I lost all sense of what was happening. When I came to my senses, the weirdest thing had happened. Aesh and I were one body! This was so weird! But it's true! Our souls were merged into one huge aura. I could hear hisâ€|ourâ€|heart beating. I felt whatever he felt, and vice versa.

< Prepare to split again, Shadode.> Aesh spoke to me in a manner much like thoughtspeak.

< OKâ€|I'm ready.> I answered in the same manner.

I lost all my senses again. Everything was a haze, like a dense fog where you can't see beyond the tip of your nose. I saw that red and blue glow again. It was all over my body, and Aesh's as well. And I still had his memories. He probably still had mine.

In a way, Aesh and I were the same person now. Two bodies, one soul. Strange isn't it?

I opened my eyes. Aesh was lying next to me, and he smiled. When Aesh smiles, its like the sun coming out on a stormy day. It's such a rare expression that it makes him look cute when it appears. Seriously!

The two hours passed, and I was now a Namek forever. But I was happy. Semeir trotted daintily over the hill to greet Aesh and I.

< Shadode, shouldn't you demorph?> She asked.

"Nope. I'm through with that morphing shit. I'm staying a Namek. The two hours have already passed."

"We fused, Semeir." Aesh stated simply.

< Ohâ€|well if it makes you happy, then I'm happy too.> Semeir smiled. There she went again about thinking of other people.

I can remember asking her what SHE herself wanted.

Her answer? < For everyone to be happy.>

That's Semeir for you.

< Well, Aesh, remember when I said you'd find love? You didn't believe me. Now look at you.> Semeir winked one of her large, golden main eyes and giggled.

"Well things change and shit happens." Aesh smirked and put his arm around me.

Things change. Too true.

When I became a nothlit, I felt as if I had left my past self behind. As if that horror that had been the first years of my life was nothing more than a nightmare. A past lifetime. The wounds of the past are healed. Aesh and I kinda healed each other, but we will always have scars. Nobody will ever see our scars unless we speak of them.

And I have spoken of mine. I have shown my soul of scars.

End
file.